Arizona Weekly Enterprise

VOLUME VII. FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY APRIL 9, 1887. NUMBER 1.

Ulalie.

Severed, oh, Lord! the silver cord that bound her unto life!
In white sand she sleeps to-night who should have been my wife.
Oh, Vesey Vale, beyond the main in tears and sickened throe—
The saintly maid thy wiles betrayed is pale and peaceless now.
From sheer and floor to the starry sphere of Christ who was crucified!
She passed away but yesterday, and now she is my bride.
Aye! ashes spread upon thy head for murdered Ulalie.
Yet, oh, forgiven by man and Heaven thou canst not hope to be—
For though forgiven by man, yet Heaven will be avenged on thee!

I was a thrall of Sedgewood Hall, thou wert a prince of pride,
With store of gold and slaves untold and fair possessions wide;
Yet I was blest, for she confessed her love at last for me;
Yet I was banned, for, oh! her hand her father pledged to thee.
Wo worth that hour! Wo worth thy power, that ever I was told be;
I seem to trace upon her face a tender look of love,
Reflected now from her rapt brow, white lily crowned above!
A look for me, and not for thee, false father of the dead!
A look for me, and not for thee, to whom she vainly plead.
Away! Away! No longer stay to weep her bier beside —
She is not thine, but only mine—forevermore my bride!
Kiss, sweetest, kiss me unto bliss—I twine within thy hair
These lily flowers from bridal bowers—they make thee look more fair.
Kiss, sweetest, kiss me unto bliss—I place upon thy head
This bridal ring—now let us wing our way to [illegible].
Kiss, sweetest kiss me unto bliss!—O, God I do but rave!
Within an hour my star and flower will be within the grave!

O'er pines and peaks the shrill winds shriek, while up the wrinkled sands
The haggard sea cries piteously and wrings its hands.
The moon looks out from her redoubt within the scowling sky.
What time the knell of passing bell tolls from the chapel nigh.
The mass is said, they bear the dead with solemn tread away,
To sleep and sleep within the deep, dark home in churchyard clay
Until the last loud trumpet blast upon the judgment day.
And I am left of all bereft to walk my lonely way.

—Will Hubbard-Kernan, in N. Y. Mercury.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

A yellow, September morning had risen over the blue waters of the Channel. Far off in the distance the glancing of the white caps revealed a stiff breeze; up the slope of the yellow, crinkly sands in front, the foamy surges crept with a soft sound; and Alice Aylmer stopped a moment at the door of the old ruined lighthouse to talk with David Neill, the boatman.

"Another artist?" said she. "At Polrevan? Oh, why can't they keep away?"

"I suppose, miss," said David, with a shrewd shrug of the shoulders, as he went on caulking the seams of his battered old boat. "they think it's a sightly place. I've many a time wished I could paint myself, when I've been out on the bay, of a moony night, or betwixt day and dawn, when the sky was all pinky red, and the mornin' star a-shinin' like a lamp over the old lighthouse top. But I hadn't never no talent that way," he added with a sigh.

"Is it a famous artist?" Alice asked wistfully.

Old David shook his head.

"There you have me, ag'in," said he. "I dunno much about them things. His name is Esterfield, and he ain't bad-looking."

"Oh!" said Alice. "The husband of that cross invalid at the 'Polrevan Arms.' I pity him!" she added with a sigh.

So she went on up the winding stone stairway to the little lantern-chamber, which she had transformed into an impromptu studio.

Alice Aylmer loved art with a genuine love, and she put all her soul into the glowing little pictures that she sketched on the conch-shells and bits of floating spar and stones washed into perfect ovals by the restless ebb and flow of the tide.

Each of them was a little gem in its way, and as they were sold, one by one, to the fine ladies and languid invalids at the hotel, it gave Alice a secret pang to part with every one.

But it was her bread-winner, that delicate taste of hers in color, perspective and line. Farmer Aylmer was old and feeble, and it pleased Alice to think that she was helping the kind grandfather who had been all the parent that she had ever known.

Up to this time she had had no rival in this special line of art, and she was a little amazed when old David announced the appearance of this new artist on the field of action.

"But if he has an invalid wife to support, I can't so much blame him," she thought. "Poor fellow! Everyone has trials in this world, so far as I can see!"

When she came out of the lighthouse at noon, she saw a young man sitting on the keel of David Neill's upturned boat, and talking with this sturdy toiler of the sea.

"Here's the gen'leman I was tellin' ye 'bout, Miss Alice," said David, with a simple ceremony of introduction. "Mr. Esterfield, this is our Miss Alice."

Mr. Esterfield took off his broad-brimmed hat and bowed courteously.

"I am told that your family owns this picturesque old ruin," said he, inclining his head towards the lighthouse.

"Yes," said Alice.

"I should like to rent it for a studio."

"I already use it as a studio," said Alice, stiffly.

"Indeed! Then," said he, "you are the young lady who paints those little conch-shells and smooth stones. They are very pretty indeed!"

Alice bowed with conscious pride.

"That room up there would be a glorious studio," said Mr. Esterfield, longingly. "Couldn't you give me easel-room there? I think the sight of the sea and the sound of the breakers would inspire me."

"I have no more space than I myself need to occupy," said Alice, more frigidly than before.

Was it not bad enough for this patronizing artist to come here at all, poaching—so to speak—on her manor, but he must even want to crowd her out of her solitary tower of refuge? This was certainly the height of presumption!

But after a [torn] softer sentiment [torn] was poor and [torn] and who was universally reported to be very uncertain in temper—was not that trial enough for anybody?

Alice was sorry that she had spoken so sharply.

When she came back across the glistening sands, where the low tide had left its deposit of feathery seaweed and delicately-tinged shells, Mr. Esterfield sat sketching by the old boat.

"I have changed my mind," said Alice, walking up to him. "There is space for your easel, as well as mine, in the lantern-room."

"May we share the studio together?" said the young man, joyfully. "Thanks—a thousand times! and I will try to take up as little room as possible."

So there were two artists now in the round room of the lighthouse.

Alice grew to like her fellow-artist, and she treated him with a soft, gracious dignity that became her well.

"Everybody seems to admire your pictures so much," said she, with a sigh. "I wish I could paint as you do."

"It's all in practice," said Mr. Esterfield, intent on bringing out the scarlet touches in a cluster of autumn leaves in his foreground.

"How nice it would be," said Alice, "if Mrs. Esterfield could come here and look at your work."

"Don't mention such a thing, pray," said the artist, laughing. "I've the greatest respect for her, of course, and consideration, and all that sort of thing; but between ourselves, Miss Alice, we're a great deal more peaceful here without her than with her. She can't help scolding and fretting and finding fault," he added apologetically, as Alice looked reproachfully at him. "It's her nature, I suppose."

"Poor fellow!" thought Alice. "But he ought not to speak so of his wife!"

She began to wonder what sort of a person Mrs. Esterfield was as to looks. Was she pretty? Was she young?

Yet Alice was too proud to ask questions of anybody, and she was delighted when there came an order for a painted conch-shell from a French lady at the hotel, who desired it for a souvenir.

"I will take it there myself," she thought, "and I shall see Mr. Esterfield's wife. And then—then I think I had better accept Cousin Prideaux's offer to go to Plymouth to teach her little girls."

For Alice had just begun to be conscious that she was becoming too interested in Gordon Esterfield. He was so young, so handsome, so enthusiastic in art—and even the fact of that great trial of his existence, the crippled wife, lent an additional glamor to his surroundings.

They lady was charmed with the painted conch-shell.

"I shall show it to Madame Esterfield," she said. "She is a critic—she knows all of art."

And Alice timidly followed her into a shaded room, where, wrapped in shawls, a pallid, middle-aged personage lay on a sofa.

"It's pretty well," she said, discontentedly, surveying the shell. "It's crude—all these things are crude. What can a young girl know of true art-feeling? Nobody understands it—not even Gordon. Where's the young woman? Let her come in. Let her come around by the window, where I can see her."

The tables were turned. Alice had come to see Mrs. Esterfield, and Mrs. Esterfield was determined to see her. Blushing deeply, she obeyed. The yellow-faced little lady took a long stare at her.

"Well," said she, "you *are* pretty. He said so, but I didn't believe him. Sit down. Let me talk to you."

"No, thanks," cried Alice, feeling as if all her veins were filled with fire. "I—I want to go back home now; grandfather will be wanting me."

And she made her exit with more vehemence than ceremony.

"Country-bred!" said Mrs. Esterfield, lifting her tow-colored eyebrows. "That is plain enough! But pretty!"

"How I pity him!—oh, how sorry I feel for him!" Alice kept repeating to herself as she hurried home.

Perhaps, also, she pitied herself a little, for the tears kept trickling down her cheeks like the soft, slow drops of summer rain.

"Alice! Why, what is the matter?"

It was Gordon Esterfield's voice. He was close behind her, in the narrow Cornish lane, where the path was carpeted with yellow leaves.

She tried desperately to recover herself.

"The matter? Nothing! Why should anything be the matter?" retorted she.

"You are crying."

"I am not crying! Why should I be crying?"

"Alice, will you not tell me? Dear Alice, I love you! I was coming this very day to ask you to be my wife," he pleaded.

She turned on him with crimsoned cheeks and flashing eyes.

"How dare you thus insult me?" she exclaimed. "Go to your poor deluded wife!"

"Alice!" he cried, "what on earth are you talking about? I haven't got any wife. I never had a wife. And I never shall have, unless you will say 'yes' to me."

"But Mrs. Esterfield, in the hotel?"

"She's my aunt," he explained. "You don't mean to say that you thought she was—my wife?"

The comic dismay of his tone, the revulsion of feeling in Alice Aylmer's own heart, were too much for her. She burst out laughing, then she began to cry. And by the time that Mr. Esterfield had succeeded in comforting her, they were engaged.

"But—but," faltered Alice, "I thought you were a poor artist! I felt so sorry for you!"

"Pity is akin to love," Mr. Esterfield responded. "I am an artist, but I am not poor. Especially since you, my love, have given me the treasure of your heart!"

"Yes; but everything has ended so differently from what I thought it would!" cried Alice.

"Hasn't it ended exactly right?"

"Yes, but——"

There was never any end to this sentence. Mr. Esterfield stopped it with a kiss.

The Printers' Bible, issued before 1702, contained an absurd misstatement in which the Psalmist was pathetically made to say the "printers persecuted him without a cause," instead of princes.

The Galley Slaves.

The gang of galley slaves was seated in close order on benches covered with coarse sacking rudely stuffed, over which were thrown bullocks' hides. Five or six of them occupied a bench 10 or 11 feet long. To a footboard beneath each man was attached by a chain ending in an iron band, riveted round one of his ankles. The benches were so close together that as one row of them pushed forward their oar, the arms and oar of the row behind were projected over their bended backs. The size and weight of the oar were so great that, except at the end where it was tapered to a manageable size, it was necessary to work it by handles fixed to the side. * * * The slaves were overlooked by the boatswain. His place was on the gangway, close to the sternmost oars, where he was at all times within hearing of the orders of the Captain. Along the gangway, at regular intervals, his mate and the driver were posted, so that the conduct of each slave was under inspection. The oars were put in motion or stopped by the sound of a silver whistle worn by the boatswain, who, with his mates, was armed with a heavy whip of bull's sinew to stimulate the exertions of the slaves. When it was necessary to continue the labor for many hours without respite, they would administer, in addition to the lash, morsels of bread steeped in wine, which they put in the mouths of the men as they rowed. If, in spite of these precautions, a slave sank from fatigue, he was whipped until it was evident that no further work was to be obtained from him, and then thrown either into the hold, where among bilge water and filth he had a chance of recovering his consciousness, or, if his case appeared desperate, into the sea.—*Don John of Austria—Sir William Stirling Maxwell.*

The Chinese Military's Passion for Flags.

The military desire for flags in China has developed into a passion. Every fortress, intrenched position, camp, city gate or officers' headquarters, has from one to 100, some of one bright solid color, but most are arranged in stripes, the colors red, white and blue being preferred. Were but three stripes used the resemblance to the French tricolor would be almost exact, but as they ordinarily use five or six the similarity of color becomes a mere suggestion. When blue is not obtainable, black, and rarely yellow, takes its place. At the camp of the Tso-tsung-tang regiment, on a pleasant knoll just outside the walls of King-chen-foo, more than 100 large flags were displayed, ranged with the precision of the rows in a cornfield, there being one for nearly every white canvas tent, in which the soldiers were comfortably installed. The material used is Manchester cotton, bought white and colored by the Chinese. As each is about the size of a common bed blanket, and several thousands must be required for the 10,000 troops stationed in and about Hoi-how and King-how-foo, the quantity needed is immense and the merchants who deal in the goods were prepared accordingly. There is no doubt but that their number is often unreasonably increased by the mandarins commanding the troops that they may have the squeeze, or difference in price, since they purchase at a fair rate and charge the government double.

The Earth's Interior.

If we go down a deep mine we find that the rock at the bottom is hotter than at the top; if we sink a very deep well the water comes up warm. By observations of this kind it has been found that the earth gets hotter the deeper down we go into it; the rate at which the temperature increases is not everywhere the same, but on the average it may be put at 1 deg. Fahrenheit for every 60 feet we go down.

We have been able to get only a very little way down into the earth, nowhere as much as a mile, and therefore we can not say how far down the temperature continues to rise, or whether the rate at which it increases is the same at all depths. But what little we do know makes it all but certain that the earth is very much hotter inside than at the surface. For consider what would happen if we were to put a coating of clay some inches thick round a red hot cannon ball. The heat from the ball would travel or be conducted through the clay slowly, because clay does not allow heat to pass rapidly through it. Still there would be a constant flow of heat from the ball through the clay, and this heat when it reached the outside of the clay covering would pass away or be radiated into the air. In the end the ball would grow cold.

Now in the case of the earth, we know that we have an outside cold shell which corresponds to the clay coating. Whether the earth is hot all through like the cannon ball we are not certain, but we have found that a portion of it, an interior shell, is hotter than the outside crust. The heat from this hot part must be constantly flowing away through the outside shell and passing off into space, and unless there is something which constantly supplies fresh heat the inside hot shell would before this have grown as cold as the outside crust. This has not happened, so there must be something which keeps furnishing the shell with heat and makes it cool much more slowly than it otherwise would. Several possible ways of keeping up this supply of heat have been suggested; the most likely explanation is that the inside of the earth is very much hotter even than these warm depths we have been able to get down to.—*Good Words.*

There is no doubt about it. Sealskin cloaks must go. For years doctors have inveighed against them as being unsanitary, but so long as they were scarce they held their sway notwithstanding. Now they are voted common by the fashionable dame, and the sealskin plushes are helping to drive them to the wall. What will take their place in my lady's wardrobe is not so clear, but certain it is that to the much-hunted seal is coming a season of immunity from untimely death at the hands of the fur-hunters.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Art of Oiling Shoes.

A one-armed bootblack having taken the contract to oil the shoes of a reporter, after the preliminary brushing began by rubbing the leather with a wet cloth. When asked what it was for, he explained. "When I began this business," said the operator, pausing a moment to cast an admiring glance at the high, aristocratic arch of the news-gatherer's instep, "I used to keep on rubbing the oil into the leather until a man told me to stop. I thought they'd know when they had enough, and I wanted to give satisfaction. Some of my customers complained that the oil soaked through their boots and saturated their socks. I thought perhaps I had been putting on too much oil, but the same fault was found in several cases where I had been more careful. Finally an old shoemaker whom I knew came along, and I asked him what I ought to do to save my trade. He told me never to oil a shoe until I had wet it first. The reason was that water would penetrate the leather and, remaining there, prevent the oil from soaking through. Besides, the water would soften the leather and open it so that the oil would do the leather more good. My trade has prospered ever since.

"I was oiling a man up one day and he asked me the same question you did. When I explained the reason, he said that it was on the same principle as that of painting kerosene barrels. I told him I thought they were painted blue just to look nice. He said it was to prevent the barrels from leaking. During a long voyage or a long journey by rail, sometimes half a barrel of oil would leak through the pores of the wood and evaporate. So some sharp fellow began to study some way of preventing such loss. He first painted the barrel blue on the outside and then filled it with water and allowed it to stand until it had soaked up all it would. Then the oil was put in. The water kept the oil from soaking into the wood, and the paint on the outside kept the water from coming out. He got a patent on his discovery, and now he sits in his office and draws his royalty of 1 per cent on every barrel made to hold kerosene. He's got a mighty soft thing on oil barrels.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Beer Under the Plantagenets.

Beer under the Plantagenets was bad—what can you expect when the regulation price was two gallons a penny in cities, and three and four gallons for the same money in the country? A great deal of it was made of wheat, and to take off its mawkishness it was flavored with spices, and (like the brandy we send to West African chiefs) with pepper. The stomach of that day demanded spicy drinks. Wine was very generally drunk as hypocras—*i. e.*, mixed with ginger, cinnamon, long pepper, and sugar. Chaucer was a wine merchant's son, had his daily pitcher of wine from the royal table, and was Controller of the Customs of Wine and Wool in the port of London. Of his franklin, or country squire, he says:

"A better envyned man was no wher non.
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke."

The sumpnour (summonser before the Bishop's court) was fond of "strong win as rede as blood;" but when he was well drunk he still had his wits about him. He would, indeed, "crie as he were wood, [mad]," but at the same time, "then wold he speken no word but Latin."

The British sailor behaved in a way which soon taught the French to use double casks.

Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman sleep;
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.

Still in spite of losses, the "chapmen" could afford to sell Bordeaux in London so cheap that it was retailed in 1342 at 4d. a gallon, Rhenish costing 6d. Wine grew rapidly dearer; the hundred years' war must have thrown a vast breadth of vineyards out of cultivation.—*All the Year Round.*

The Human Manufactory.

A man may eat and drink heartily all day, and sit and lounge about doing nothing. In one sense of the word; but his body must keep hard at work all the time or it will die. Suppose the stomach refused to work within ten minutes after a hearty dinner, the man would die of convulsions in a few hours; or cholera or cramp colic would rack and wreck him. Supposing the pores of the skin—meaning thereby the glandular apparatus with which they are connected—should go on a "strike," he would in an hour be burning up with fever; oppression would weigh upon the system, and soon become insupportable. Suppose the liver became mulish, the appetite would be annihilated, food would be loathed, torturing pains would invade the small of the back, and the head would ache to bursting.

Suppose the kidneys shut up shop, danger most imminent, sufferings unbearable, and death more certain, would be the speedy and unenviable result. If the little workshops of the eyes should close, in an hour he could not shut nor open them without physical force, and in another hour he would be blind; or if those of the tongue should close, it would become dry as a bone and stiff as steel. To keep such a complication of machinery in working order for a lifetime is a miracle of wisdom; but to work them by the pleasures of eating and drinking is a miracle of beneficence.—*Medical Journal.*

Some thirty-six years ago, by a premature explosion of gunpowder, an iron bar 3½ feet long, 1¼ inches in diameter, and weighing 13¼ pounds, was shot completely through a man's head and perforated his brains. The man walked up a flight of stairs after the accident, and gave his account of how it happened. Although his life was despaired of for some time, he developed no paralysis, nor did marked impairment of his intellectual faculties follow convalescence. Eventually he recovered his health. Twelve years elapsed before his death, during which time he worked as a laborer on a farm.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*